THE

BAWD:

A POEM.

[Price One Shilling.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

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A POEM.

CONTAINING

All the various Practices thoſe diabolical Characters make Uſe of to decoy INNOCENT BEAUTY into their Snares, with their Behaviour to them, and the Means they are made to employ to entertain their numerous Gallants, many of whom are here deſcribed in the moſt *glowing* Colours. —And is, in the Whole, a high-ſeaſoned Diſh cooked up for the BUCKS, BLOODS, CHOICE SPIRITS, and DEMY REPS, of the preſent Age.

By a diſtinguiſh'd WORSHIPPER *in the Temple of* VENUS.

" STRIPP'D OF DISGUISE, THE SUCCUBUS SHALL STAND
" THE SCORN OF ALL. " ——

LONDON:

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WHEN VICE triumphant ſtalks throughout the land,
And *crimes*, of ev'ry ſort, around expand,
(But chief *this* Town, ſo famous for reſort,
Where *Folly*, join'd with *Pleaſure*, keeps her court)
The vile *Procureſs* moſt demands the lay,
Whoſe occupation's VIRTUE to betray;
The laſh of ſatire ſure ſhe may demand,
And in the page moſt *infamouſly* ſtand;

Secur'd from *Juſtice*, thro' the tempting fee,
Yet ſhe ſhall no *protection* find from me;
The HONEST MUSE her various arts ſhall trace,
Whether in *Covent-Garden*, or *King*'s-*Place*;
No matter where her reſidence may be,
A BAWD's a BAWD, and that's enough for me;
Tho' not in *features*, yet *alike in ſoul*,
One will ſuffice to repreſent the *whole*.

THRO' *inclination*, not *ſeduc'd by art*,
Her early youth perform'd the *wanton*'s part;
Defy'd all *modeſty* and female grace,
Lewdly, alike would ruſh to each embrace:---
Luſt was her paſſion, with an eye to gold,
And dearly were her filthy favours ſold
To ſpendthrift purchaſers---who often found
Their *painted bargains* far more *ripe* than *ſound*;
The *quack*'s beſt friend, who often fill'd his purſe,
By driving the diſeaſe from bad to worſe.

THUS long ſhe reign'd, of ev'ry *brothel* queen,
Fam'd for her *blaſphemy* and *jeſts obſcene*;
'Till others riſing in the ſhameleſs art,
She moſt unwillingly reſign'd her part;
Yet ſtill inclin'd the buſineſs to purſue,
She takes a houſe, and hangs a *ſign to view*;
Keeps a HOTEL, convenient to her mind,
Where *Bucks* and *Bloods* a wiſh'd reception find;
A ſiſterhood of NUNS, well dreſt and gay,
Attend, to paſs the joyous hours away;
Skill'd in each wanton art which can allure
The am'rous mind, and make deſtruction ſure;
The *leering eye*, the ſoft *laſcivious* air,
Their cov'ring light, the *boſom wholly bare*;
Each *limb diſplay'd*, the fancy to invite
All thoſe who ſeek *venereal delight*;
To old and young they tune their Siren's ſong,
(For there are *aged fools* as well as *young*)
Flimſey and *feeble*, *ricketty* and *lame*,
All dupes to folly---not alarm'd at ſhame,

Who

Who daily to the mother *Abbeſs* run,
And pay to have a *fine, freſh, blooming* NUN;
For each alike, the *courtier* and the *cit*,
Solicit ſtill to have a nice *tit bit*;
To each alike ſhe promiſes her aid,
And lets them have, at *ſecond-hand*, a MAID.
'At *ſecond hand?* you make me laugh indeed,
'And can ſuch tricks with any man ſucceed?'
They do indeed, and ſtill to crown the jeſt,
Some *maidenheads* are ſold *ten times* at leaſt;
To take you *in*, they have a happy art,
To *tighten* ſoon the oft' extended part;
Firſt by the mother taught, by practice found,
During the time ſhe ran in vices round,
Which now ſhe makes ſubſervient to her trade,
And can at any time provide a *maid*;
But youth and beauty quickly will decay,
And by continual practice wear away;
Waſhes and *paints* cannot thoſe charms reſtore,
When thus decay'd, what! Does ſhe BAWD for more?

THE

THE queſtion's fair, and ſhall have fair reply;
The means ſhe uſes for a freſh ſupply
Are theſe;——In this extended Town,
Which trades and callings of all ſorts renown,
All kinds of *offices*, in ſearching round,
To ſuit conveniency will ſoon be found;
A *Lottery* one is here, an *Agent*'s there,
A *Regiſter* at diſtance does appear,
For *hiring ſervants* that are out of place;
Who, either ignorant or in diſgrace,
Advance a ſhilling, and the plan purſue,
In hopes, poor creatures! ſoon to get a new;
Young men for *ſtallions* may be hir'd away,
And *melt their marrow* for ſome *widow*'s pay;—
Others are *kidnapp'd*---'Men muſt now be had,
'And for the *Indies* you're a likely lad;
'The *only place* where FORTUNE is a friend,
'And you'll return a *Nabob* in the end;
''Tis *but five years.*' And when that term is o'er,
'Tis ten to one you *England* ſee no more.

MAIDS of *all work* this *office* ſeek alike,
Who, out of place, would feign a bargain ſtrike;
Better indeed, if *wages* are but ſmall,
To have a *place*, than to have *none* at all.

HERE, then, the BAWD reſorts, as ſure to find
Some ſimple thing, well ſuited to her mind;
If but her face is *pretty*, *plump*, and *fair*,
Her ſhape *inviting*, with a *pleaſing* air,
She'll do, you'll find;---but thoſe of rougher mould
She will not *buy*---becauſe they can't *be ſold:*
Oh! ſhame to think---and VIRTUE ſtill deplores,
That half the *beauties* of the land are WHORES!
Their lovelineſs at firſt ſeduc'd them in
To VICE's path, and made them *ſlaves* to *ſin.*

BUT, oh! how doubly ſhameful 'tis to tell,
That theſe OLD BAWDS, theſe caterers of Hell!
Should, with impunity, the trade purſue,
And hunt for *beauty*---only to undo;

That

That thoſe who wear a female ſhape ſhould try
To lead ſoft INNOCENCE to *infamy*.

CURST be ſuch wretches whereſoe'er they go,
To them let SORROW'S CUP *unerring flow*;
And when that CONSCIENCE comes---as come ſhe muſt,
Before the BAWD can moulder into duſt;
Then, when before her eyes the *Furies* ſtand,
And her *vile deeds* in *monſtrous ſhapes* expand;
When ſad *diſmay* and *horrors* unconfin'd,
With threaten'd *vengeance*, terrify her mind,
If ſhe can *pray*, and does for *mercy* call,
May *Heav'n be deaf*, and grant her *none at all!*

THESE *office-keepers* too, are well deſign'd,
And to her *purpoſes*, for gold, inclin'd;
Each new-blown beauty, with an artleſs grace,
Who honeſtly intends to get a place,---
The wheedling *Pander*'s ready to enſnare;
He writes a note, and ſends the ſimple fair,

There

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There where the vile *Procureſs* ready ſtands,
To ope the doors of VICE with *both* her hands;
Welcomes the *innocent* with gentle ſmiles,
Commends, inſinuates, and ſo beguiles.

BUT this is not the only card ſhe plays,
She's various other tricks and other ways;
Sometimes ſhe will a country journey make,
A neat *dreſs'd Nun* as for a ſervant take;
Stop at each inn, the paſſengers review,
To ſee what girls will for her purpoſe do;
Then *Abigail* muſt underſtand her part,
And ply the country-girls with all her art;
As in the waggons ev'ry day 'tis known,
Some come to *try their luck* in this great Town;
Fondly they hope their fortunes to amend,
But half of them meet ruin in the end.

TO *them* this *plain dreſs'd* HARLOT makes her court,
And *they*, all harmleſs, *thank the Brimſtone* for't.

'LORD

'LORD bleſs me! what a pity you ſhould go
'Into a place where no-body you'll know;
'*London* is full of wickedneſs and vice,
'And *ſharpers* will betray you in a trice:
'If you have friends, and aſk to find them out,
'In ſport they'll ſend you many miles about;
'Others, perhaps, in fineſt ſpeech pretend,
'As you're a ſtranger, they will be your friend;
'Carry your bundle, put you in the way,
'But, if you truſt, they'll certainly betray;
'Lead you from where you want to go quite wide,
'*Rob* you, perhaps, and *raviſh* you beſide!'

AT this the country-girl is terrify'd,
Inclin'd almoſt to lay her ſcheme aſide;
When thus, again, the *ſeeming maid* replies:—
'If you will think me worthy to adviſe,
'My *lady*, ſure, of *ladies* is the beſt,
'She always pities thoſe who are diſtreſt;

'But INNOCENCE will ſure protection find,
'*She always was to that extremely kind*;
'And 'tis but lately that I heard her ſay,
'(Indeed I think it was but yeſterday)
'The reaſon of this journey was, to find
'A *pretty country-girl*, to pleaſe her mind:
'Now, if to go with me you're not afraid,
'I'll ſpeak to her---and then your fortune's made!'

WITH tears of gratitude, and bluſhing cheek,
She curtſey'd firſt, and then was heard to ſpeak.---

'SUCH thanks as I, an artleſs girl, can give,
'I humbly now implore you to receive;
'Willing, with one ſo *good* and *kind*, I'd go,
'I need *not*, then, have any *fear* I know;
'*Your innocence* ſhould always be my guide,
'*T'obey your lady* all my wiſh and pride.'
The ſimple gudgeon thus at laſt is caught,
Accepted, treated, and to *ſlaughter* brought!

FOR

FOR WHORES to rail at MEN's the conſtant way,
Who ſmile and court, yet court but to betray;
Let CANDOUR ſpeak, and ſpeak the very truth,
Bring forth the vicious moſt unbridl'd *youth*,
Whoſe boiling blood darts thro' each ſwelling vein,
Whoſe headſtrong paſſion nothing can reſtrain,
He, he! to ſoft *compaſſion* would attend,
And be a helpleſs virtuous VIRGIN's friend,
If in his breaſt one ſpark of manhood flows,
Rather than plunge her into endleſs woes;
'Tis *brutes in human ſhape* who *rapes* commence,
Honour is always *ſafe* with *men of ſenſe*.

NO! 'tis to *females*, *females* RUIN owe,
They gild the pill, they bid the *cup* to flow;
The *cup of poiſon*, which each ſenſe deſtroys,
And brings *deſtruction*, tho' it promis'd *joys*.

SOMETIMES the BAWD a country-girl has caught,
Who comes to Town for having *done* a *fault*;

With

With HODGE at *blindman's-buff* has been at play,
And fears her *qualms* the *bus'neſs* will betray.

THIS, for the *Abbeſs*, is a lucky hit,
Who now improves her profit by her wit;
Lord SPINDLESHANKS, who long'd for ſomething new,
(And none but *virgins* e'er with him would do)
Is ſoon inform'd, one *freſh*, and *fine*, and *fair*,
Perfum'd with nothing but the country air,
Ripe as a plumb, and charming to his ſight,
Attends to give his honour full delight.
Fir'd with the thought, he flies unto the place,
Does HODGE's *leavings* for a *maid* embrace;
Revels in pleaſures never felt before,
Chuckles to think he's made a MAID a WHORE!
A *hundred pounds* he pays---a trifling rate
For *joys* ſo *pure*, and ſo *immenſely great*.

AT length the BAWD perceiving KITTY's ſhape,
Sends an addreſs unto the noble ape;

That

That ſince he had her *virgin treaſure* ſpoil'd,
KITTY by him was actually with child;
Beg'd his inſtructions how ſhe muſt proceed,
Th' expence was great, the times were hard indeed!
He muſt defray the charge, or ſhe muſt take
A courſe ſhe would not---for his Lordſhip's ſake.

THE hint ſucceeded, and my Lord reply'd,
He would for child and mother both provide;
Bid her ſome little ſnug retreat to ſeek,
Where he might viſit her juſt once a week.
This was obey'd, and all the bus'neſs done,
And HODGE's *baſtard* is my Lord's *true ſon*;
Rare, blund'ring luck of fate! the boy may be
In time as NOBLE and as GREAT as he.

THESE methods to repleniſh ſtill her ſtock,
And keep the market with a handſome flock,
Were aided ſtill by others which were *worſe*,
And on the child and parents brought a curſe;

Such *impious parents* who've their children ſold
To ſuch *vile wretches*---for the ſake of gold.

YES, *infants* have been purchas'd for the *trade*,
And, e'er they knew what VIRTUE was, betray'd;
Pamper'd in ſchools, if ſchools they might be nam'd,
Where *that* was taught which always muſt be blam'd;
Babies not in their teens came tutor'd there,
For old rich fools to comb their gloſſy hair;
Others (believe me it is no romance)
Came to behold the *naked Graces* dance;
Some juſt to kiſs the *part* where *pleaſure* lies,
Like *ſpaniels lick the centre* of all joys.
Out, *feeble dotards!* to the *kennel* go,
And there, at once, your fellow-creatures know;
Ye rank abuſers of the female race,
The ſhame of manhood, and your own diſgrace!

O LOVE! thou greateſt bleſſings here below,
From whence the ſweeteſt of all bleſſings flow,

Still give me *vigour* to approach thy ſhrine,
To make with tranſport ſtill the fair one mine;
But when debilitated age comes on,
And the *ſweet pow'r* to *give* and *take* is gone,
Calm and compos'd, from beaſtly thoughts like theſe,
Let me ſpin out my laſt ſmall thread with eaſe;
Nor vainly wiſh for what I cannot taſte,
Tho' pleas'd and thankful for each joy that's paſt.

OTHERS deprav'd would other ways purſue
Their fancy ſtill was hunting ſomething new;
As ſickly appetites to ſauces fly,
Which even then can't NATURE ſatisfy.

WHILE the rough Clown, who bears the bleakeſt wind,
Healthful his body---unfatigu'd his mind,
Cuts from the barley-loaf a wholeſome round,
And of hard beef will take ye down a pound,
Wants no ſuch means, no helps from *feeble art*,
He's *ſtrong* and *vig'rous* found in ev'ry part.

But do all theſe, according to the plan
Which is laid down theſe females to trepan,
Become at once the victims ſhe deſign'd?
Is then all Virtue drove ſo far behind,
That Vice can triumph o'er each deſtin'd maid;
Are all who thus are caught alike betray'd?

If ſome there are more virtuous than the reſt,
Who all her wiles and wickedneſs deteſt;
Who, noble in their ſtruggles, will not yield
To any one the triumph of the field;
Who ſcorn the glitter of ſeducing *pelf*,
And loves her honour better than herſelf;
The BAWD has private rooms and private doors,
Againſt their wills to make the Virgins WHORES;
Some *Iriſh bullies*, who obey command,
And all the wretched bus'neſs underſtand,
Whom no fond cries, or virgin tears can move,
"*Who 'gainſt their wills, will give them what they love*;"
For ſuch the language which they're taught to ſay,
To them, when victims do for mercy pray;

In

In vain they ſtrive---unequal is the ſtriſe;—
So bleeds the lamb beneath the butcher's knife:
Held down by numbers, ſoon the conteſt's o'er,
And all her boaſted honour is no more;
Shame and remorſe in time perhaps prevail,
And ſoon ſhe ſwims with VICE's ſpreading ſail.

BUT ſhould the fair to VIRTUE ſtill inclin'd,
Perverſe to ev'ry good the BAWD deſign'd;
In ſullen melancholy paſs the day,
She's kept a pris'ner under lock and key;
No friend to comfort, none to ſooth her care,
She falls a victim unto ſad diſpair;
She's huddled in a coffin, ſent away,
She's dead and bury'd---there's no more ſay.

UNFEELING *monſters!* Oh heart-wounding thought!
Can any be to ſuch deſtruction brought!
Betray'd and *raviſh'd!* bitterneſs of woe!
And not one friend her ſad diſtreſs to know!

'Tis murder, doubly curs'd! and Heav'n, no doubt,
Will deal, in wrath, his double vengeance out.

THIS is not all that to the BAWD belongs,
To all who've been her prey she deals out wrongs;
Made *proſtitutes* for her, ſhe takes the hire,
They ſcarce can purchaſe trifles they require;
Grown *ſtale in ſervice*, they are turn'd a-drift
Without a penny, how they can to ſhift;
Some little cloathing, but the very worſt,
In which they were acquainted at the firſt;
Thus doom'd to wander through each various ſtreet,
A PROSTITUTE or *jeſt* to all they meet;
Shame will not let them ſeek relation's kind,
And ſad *remorſe* ſits heavy on each mind;
To eaſe their *grief* they know not where to go,
And only lengthen out a *life of woe*.

BUT ſhould ſome girl of ſpirit dare elope,
Her utmoſt malice ſhe can only hope;

The BAWD enrag'd purſues the fated elf,
Who boldly dar'd *to ſet up for herſelf*;
She takes a *writ*, the *catchpole* ſets at work,
With heart more harden'd than a heathen *Turk!*
In his poſſeſſion ſoon, alas! ſhe'll be,
Unleſs the *culprit* can come down the *fee*;
So often and ſo great are his demands,
She yields her body to the *bailiff's* hands;
The BAWD is told, the *Marſhalſea*'s her lot,
Where ſhe may ſtink, and ſtarve, and die, and rot!
Unleſs ſome pitying friend, or act of grace,
Relieves her from the miſerable place.

THIS is a BAWD, that monſter of the world!
O! be all ſuch to quick deſtruction hurl'd,
Who can ſeduce a poor unthinking wench,
Then live upon her wages like POLL F----;
Or JENNY TATUM, that abandon'd WHORE,
Who, *thank the Pox*, at laſt decoys no more;
Such principles, indeed, pervade the whole,
Whither it Mother DOUGLASS is, or COLE;

She who could *pray*, and roll her goggle eyes,
With *brandy*, *bawdy*, *piety* ſurprize;
Who VIRTUE could deſtroy, yet hope for Heav'n,
And think, no doubt, their ſins will be forgiv'n;
Think as they will, yet I muſt think the worſt,
That BAWDS, like *theſe*, will be for ever curſt!

SWELL'D up and bloated with the gout and p—x,
With all the evils of PANDORA's box,
The BAWD, at laſt, upon her death bed lies,
Her mouth diſtilling rheum, and gum her eyes;
She makes her will, and takes her leave of all,
Six *naked* WHORES ſhe'll have to hold her pall;
She left her fat to J-----s of P----e,
When melted down to make them candle-greaſe;
Bullies and *Bawds* muſt grace her fun'ral vault,
And p—ſs upon her coffin as they ought;
Then when the ſexton has the grave well cram'd,
They may get drunk, talk bawdy, and be d—d.

FINIS.